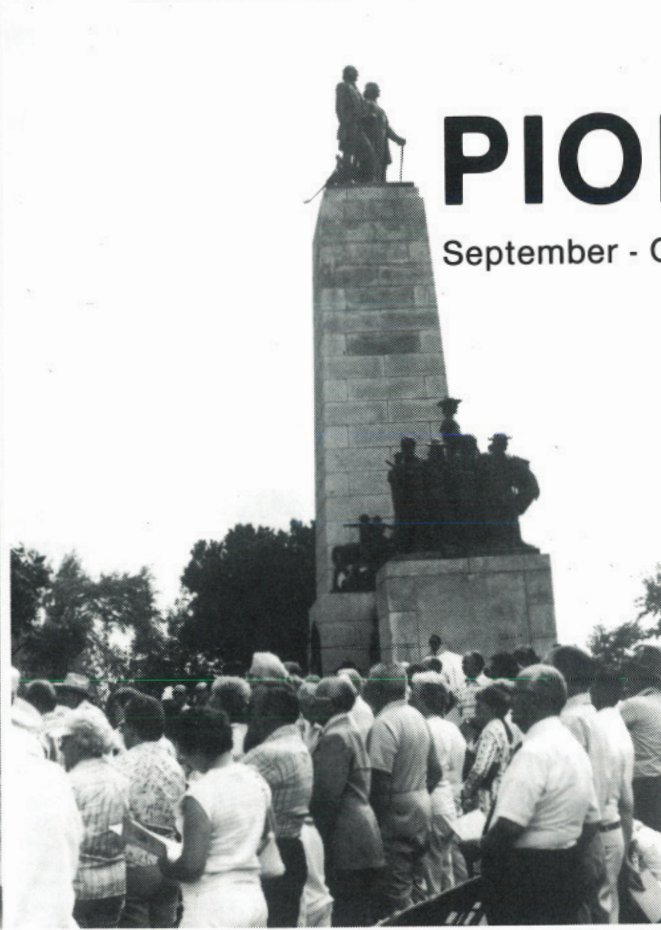




PIONEER

September - October 1987



PIONEER

Volume 34, Number 5
September-October, 1987

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About the Cover

Photos on the front cover tell the story of the ceremony at the "This Is The Place" monument in the State Park in the mouth of Immigration Canyon. Heretofore, there was no memorial at this site which listed the names of the original 177 members of Brigham Young's 1847 party, the first to enter the Salt Lake Valley. Now, through the initiative and work of the Twin Peaks Chapter this significant omission has been corrected.

Upper left photo shows Alan Young, Project researcher, with Days of 47 Royalty 2nd Attendant, Lisa Baty; Queen Tracey Ann Lees; and 1st Attendant Jennefer Jacobs; and Eileen Dunyon of DUP.

Upper right photo shows Daniel Allred, Pres. of Twin Peaks Chapter; Utah Governor Norman Bangerter; and Alan Young, researcher.

Center left photo shows Dan Allred, Chapter Pres.; Lynn Garff, financial chairman; and Alan Young, researcher, standing by the new addition naming the 177 members of the first party.

Center right photo is the "This Is The Place" monument, to which the new plaque is an addition.

Lower left photo portrays some of the honored guests at the ceremony. Front row (L to R): Dan Allred, Governor Bangerter, Lois Allred and Helen Quist. Second row: Wallace Bates, SUP National Pres.; wife Elda Bates; Emma Olsen, DUP Pres.; Mike Barker, Parks Supt.; R. Paul Madsen, Mormon Battalion Commanding Officer.

Lower right photo is a view of the audience attending the ceremony.

(See Article on page 11)

Chapter President's Note!

Each Chapter President is encouraged to have his Secretary or Reporter file with the Pioneer Office at National Headquarters a report of all newsworthy Chapter activities, and a note of all outstanding events involving individual members. This will help to make our magazine a more interesting publication. These reports should come in monthly.

The Editor



Dance and Romance
The Night Away

Recapture Your Lost Youth - Make New Friends

OUR NEXT DANCE will be held October 3rd, and the first Saturday of each month thereafter.

We hope that you will help advertise the dance through your chapters and neighbors and friends. We would like to see a large crowd out.

Remember the date, mark your calendar. We can have a lot of fun. There will be live music.

Wally Bates

President's Message

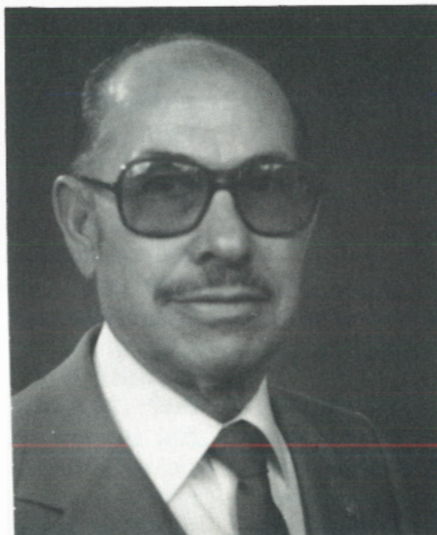
In the month of July and August I have felt a great uplifting in the Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. It has been very pleasing for me to see the interest and willingness of all our members in working hard to make our Society one of the top organizations in the country.

Let me relate some of my feelings to all you members and wives of our great organization. The greatness that we enjoy now.

July 4th was recognized by all chapters as they held their dinner meetings in the month of July, having patriotic talks by special speakers. The pioneer facts were of the nature that brought up the true meaning of the 4th of July, as did the wonderful talks that were given by many prominent men. The decorations in the chapters carried the theme of our nation. There were some very professional decorations and it made all that attended any of these meetings feel the true spirit that lies within us all, that this is the greatest and most wonderful nation on earth. It all gives us the wonderful feeling that, we the Sons of Utah Pioneers, are dedicated too, to bring together descendants of the western pioneers and other men of like interests who share the same spiritual, cultural and patriotic ideals. Therefore, we will work harder than ever to make our organization the most wanted-to-join group in the country.

July also had another great day and time for us as Sons of Utah Pioneers, to hold our heads high and speak and look the world in the eye. It was the 24th of July, in which the SUP played a great and important part in the festivities of the celebration. I would like to give my personal thanks to all you wonderful people that gave of your time, money and effort to help the SUP organization be recognized in the parade and in many other ways. The handcars were a first for the parade. I have heard nothing but praise for the entries we had in the parade. I would say thanks to everyone.

Our Encampment was a great success and all members that attended were well rewarded for their efforts. There were great meals, lodging on



campus, lodging at motels, wonderful bus treks. The workshops were very informative and educational, the programs were put on in a very professional manner.

I would like to thank all those who had a hand in any part of the encampment, for the wonderful way it was presented.

This, again, gave our organization the true spirit that we have, that being the spirit of excellence. We are all proud of our organization and I believe that we, as members, have touched someone the last two months, to the extent that they would like to be a part of the SUP organization.

We would like to have everyone keep up the hard work they are doing.

National Pres. Wallace W. Bates

Donations to National SUP from Local Chapters

Recently a truck pulled up in front of the National Headquarters and from out of the back of the truck was removed a lovely new table to be used in our Heritage Hall. Sugar House Chapter had recognized the need we have had for some time and decided to donate one for our use. We truly appreciate their thoughtfulness and thank them.

The Brigham Young Chapter also decided to help out the National by donating \$100.00 for their use in any way that was needed.

These donations are very much appreciated and we want these chapters to know of our gratitude for their thoughtfulness.

Change of Address Form

As soon as you know your new address, mail this notice to the SUP office - 3301 East 2920 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84109.

Print or type Last name, First name, Initial

Address

Awards and Achievements for 1987

Outstanding Large Chapters - 51 or more -- Holladay - 3,310, Plaque; Temple Fork - 3,215, Gold; Temple Quarry - 2,550, Gold; Mesa - 2,355, Gold; East Millcreek - 2,350, Gold; Box Elder - 2,325, Gold; Settlement Canyon - 2,260, Gold; Brigham Young - 1,945, Gold; and Hurricane Valley - 1,730, Gold.

Outstanding Small Chapters - 50 or less -- South Davis - 1,700, Plaque; and Taylorsville/Bennion - 1,555, Gold.

Tile Program - Percentage of membership -- Holladay - 90.90%; Temple Quarry - 86.79%; and East Millcreek - 86.60%.

Number of memorializations -- Twin Peaks - 16.

Short Story -- Lena Maria Pack - Plaque and Douglas L. Cheney, Gold.

Outstanding National Couple -- Glen L. and Donna Greenwood, Temple Quarry Chapter.

Outstanding Chapter Couple -- Dr. J. D. and Eva Haws, Box Elder Chapter.

Outstanding Individual Award -- John J. Nielsen, Pioneer Heritage Chapter.

Most New Members -- Glendora, California Chapter - 66, Plate.

Most New Life Members -- California/Long Beach - 7, Plate.

Past President -- D. Wayne Mallet, Plaque.

President -- Wallace W. Bates, Desk set.

Encampment Chairman -- Kenneth Roe, Plaque.

Most Chapter Members Attending Encampment -- Holladay Chapter - 25%.

Hurricane Valley SUP Dedicate Monument

by Owen Sanders

Dixie Vision

Dixie vision tamed the Virgin
And pioneer dreams came true!

Today, we see this vision,
And scan fresh dreams anew!

Owen Sanders

On August 6, 1904 a long range dream of the pioneers of Toquerville, Virgin City, Grafton, Rockville and Springdale exploded into reality when precious water from the rambunctious Rio Virgin gushed from the Hurricane Canal onto the fertile yucca, cactus and chaparral covered Hurricane Valley.

It was a joyful, thankful, tearful group of pioneers who congregated in the soothing shade of a bowery and watched the water flow out onto the parched valley. They offered heartfelt thanks to the Lord for His protection and direction.

These work-worn pioneers then discussed the name they should give the beautiful city they envisioned during their many long years of toil and dreams. Should it be named "Pearl City", a beautiful gem glimmering in the heart of Dixie. Should it be named "Chaparral" from the evergreen creosote bush covering the valley? Should it be called "Lake City" from the bench lake that was part of the valley for centuries.

Someone suggested naming it "Hurricane" from the historic Hurricane Cliffs and Hurricane Valley that extend from Toquerville south through the Arizona Strip to the majestic Colorado River. The Hurricane Cliffs and Hurricane Valley were named by Erastus Snow in 1863 when a sudden whirlwind nearly ripped the top from his white-top buggy while cowboys with lariets attached to the buggy were maneuvering it down the face of the Hurricane Cliff along a winding Indian trail through a jumble of volcanic boulders.

The Pioneers unanimously approved the refreshing, breezy, historic name "Hurricane" for the city-to-be then celebrated by sipping lemonade dipped from an open headed barrel insulated with burlap sacks dampened by cold Rio Virgin water splashed against the sides.

The location of the Hurricane Canal along the south face of the canyon wall was envisioned by James Jepson of Virgin City and John Steele of Toquerville who started at a location on the river selected by James Jepson as a site for a dam, then with a spirit level, sighted along a sloping terrace and hazardous cliffs and decided a canal could be built that that would gradually rise above the river until it would leave the mouth of the canyon several hundreds feet above the Rio Virgin and encircle the valley.

John Steele stimulated enthusiasm in Toquerville for the project and James Jepson solicited supporters in Virgin City, Grafton, Rockville and Springdale. In June 1893, a representative group met in the canyon with James Jepson and walked with him through the canyon and he pointed out the route of the proposed canal along the canyon wall. They held a meeting at the La

Verkin Hot Mineral Springs at the mouth of the canyon. They decided to organize a company, make a survey and begin construction. Isaac C. MacFarlane made both preliminary and working survey which agreed with the route selected James Jepson and John Steele.

Near the end of the project, \$5000.00 was desperately needed to buy dynamite to complete the canal. James Jepson was asked to go to Salt Lake City and meet with Church leaders and ask them to buy \$5000.00 worth of canal stock so it could be completed. Jepson rode to Lund, Utah on his horse then took the train to Salt Lake City where he fasted and prayed before meeting with President Smith and the Council of Twelve. He gave them the history of the canal and requested their financial support. His request was approved and the Hurricane Canal was completed after thirteen years of heart-breaking, back-breaking toil with pick, crowbar, shovel and wheelbarrow.

President-elect Robert Langston suggested to the Hurricane Valley Chapter that a monument be placed where the water from the canal first flowed into the valley. After many hours of research, he located a spot at the East end of 200 North Street. This visible location was near the area where the first water flowed from the canal onto the valley. He supervised the building of a base in which was embedded a glistening, eight ton volcanic boulder. The boulder was found near the Indian trail down which Erastus Snow came in 1863. Chapter members Harold Cripps, Pres. Verdell Hinton and Alvin Isaksen assisted in the placement of the boulder.

A beautiful plaque was cemented to the face of the black boulder. The inscription on the plaque highlights the celebration of August 6, 1904 when water from the canal flowed out onto the valley and the city-to-be was given the name "Hurricane".

On August 1, 1987, over 500 people attended the first Annual Hurricane Valley Jubilee. They assembled in the shade of a grove of giant pecan trees owned by Brother and Sister Alvin Isaksen. Their property is a few feet from the monument.

The "Ditch Rider" was eulogized by speakers John Wadsworth and Raymond DeMille, officers of the Hurricane Canal Company and former daredevil "Ditch Riders!" Songs composed by Polly Stirland, Robert Langston and Veda Lemmon were sung by the Hurricane Fourth Ward Choir. Robert Langston read an original poem he composed paying tribute to the pioneer canal builders. Four people were present who were also at the celebration in 1904. They were Louis and Grant Woodbury, Delsey Workman Leany and Ovando Gubler.

Winferd Spendlove and Jim Price acted as cowboy outriders for Erastus Snow, portrayed by Clark Campbell wearing a beard, top hat and dark suit and riding in a horse-drawn buggy.

At the conclusion of the impressive commemorative celebration, S.U.P. members unveiled the monument and Chapter President Verdell Hinton offered the dedicatory prayer.

The Hurricane Valley Jubilee will be held the first Saturday in August each year to make us aware of our rich historic past and stimulate us into planning goals for future achievement.

New Members

Up to Aug. 15, 1987

Box Elder Chapter -- Byron Perry Nebeker.

Brigham Young Chapter -- Sterling Edward Bench and Chad J. Fidel.

California/Long Beach Chapter -- Joseph W. Gardner, Frank M. Kehoe and Vern P. Neilson.

Holladay Chapter -- Grant Milton Burbridge and J. Clair Clayton.

Jordan River Temple Chapter -- Stanley M. Todd.

Hurricane Valley Chapter -- Gordon B. Stirland.

Lehi Chapter -- Richard Mason Emerson.

Mesa Chapter -- Elmer L. Heap.

Murray Chapter -- Neldon B. Jensen.

Pioneer Heritage Chapter -- James A. Davidson and Malin D. Lewis.

Salt Lake Pioneer Chapter -- Ronald Earl Madsen.

Salt River Valley Chapter -- Stan Burnham, Charles Ephraim Stewart and E. Jay Whiting.

Sugar House Chapter -- Marvin

Glenn Marler, T. Frank Swallow and John H. Van Wagoner.

Twin Peaks Chapter -- Clarence Willard Merritt.

Union Fort Chapter -- H. Ernest Smith.

Number of Tile Purchasers to Date By Chapters

East Mill Creek	98
Holladay	63
Temple Quarry	46
EMC Mills	44
Beehive	40
Sugarhouse	39
Twin Peaks	36
Mesa	26
Salt Lake City	24
Brigham Young	24
Box Elder	23
South Davis	21
Olympus Hills	19
Settlement Canyon	18
At Large Members	15
Canyon Rim/Pioneer Heritage	15
Temple Fork	15
Ogden Pioneer	15
Oquirrh Mountains	14
Taylorsville/Bennion	14

Jordan River Temple	13
Buena Ventura	10
Mt. Olympus	9
Salt Lake Pioneer	9
Cedar City	5
Hurricane Valley	5
Calif./Long Beach	4
Mt. Ogden	3
Tempe	2
Mormon Battalion	2
George Albert Smith	2
Union Fort	1
Glendora	1
Timpanogos	1
Mt. Jordan	1

Tile Purchased Up to Aug. 15, 1987

#699 Frank & June Swallow	SH
#700 Lewis & Ruth Hathaway	Hol
#701 Rowland & Virginia Corry	Hol
#702 Joe & Vera Brown	EMC
#703 Nephi & Fern Anderson	Mills
#704 Ramon & Ruth Wilson	BY
#705 Howard B. Stringham	SD
#706 J. C. & Eva Haws	BE
#707 Vern & Marian Taylor	Hol
#708 Weaver & Grace E. Allen	Mills
#709 Robert & Ruth Wagstaff	OlyH
#710 Robert & Ruth Wagstaff	OlyH
#711 Robert & Ruth Wagstaff	OlyH
#712 Lawrence & Gwenn Epperson	SD
#713 Twin Peaks Chapter	TP
#714 Herman & Myrth Johnson	SH

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Wagon Trip to Yellowstone Continued from Last Issue

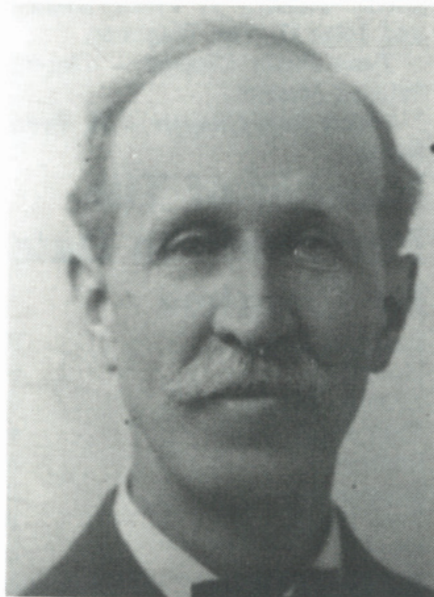
In the July-August issue we published part of the Journal of Bishop James Devalson Cummings, describing a trip by team and wagon to Yellowstone Park in the summer of 1896 by Bishop Cummings and his party.

There follows here the remainder of his account of this trip. We resume from the Journal under date of July 18, 1896.

We drove on to where we could get feed, wood and water. It was very cold and the wind blew in our faces. We went up onto the side of the mountain where we were sheltered from the wind, and camped for the night.

Monday, July 19th. On arriving this morning we were surprised to see a dense fog hanging over the country and ice 5/16 of an inch thick on the water in our buckets. We then crossed Hayden Valley just above the Upper Falls where the river lay in a clear smooth sheet scarcely a ripple to disturb its surface.

A short distance below, we came to the cascades which seemed to be the forerunners of a great sight, for we were soon viewing the Upper Falls which have a drop of over one hundred feet and which transforms at once the beautiful smooth surface into a foaming mass mingled with a vast amount of spray. The roar of this cataract is very great and the falling of the water shakes the massive rock walls that stand as sentinels on either side. We went down



James Devalson Cummings

below the falls a short distance to point lookout and took a view of the falls. They are grand in the extreme as the water falls down the precipice and is dashed to pieces.

From here we went down to the Lower falls which are by far the grandeur of the two and are 36 feet fall.

From here we went up to Inspiration Point which is 1500 feet above the river which has a rapid fall as far as the eye can see in its winding course northward. We ate dinner at the junction of the roads here and had currant and peach pie that we bought at the government work station. We then journeyed on in a very cold breeze to Norris Basin and camped for the night.

Tuesday, July 30th. During the night we were visited by bear that prowled about our camp, but the dog Bryan scared them away. The next morning as we were driving out of the camp the front end of our reach broke out and uncoupled our wagon. We used staychains and

went on our way rejoicing toward Mammoth Hot Springs. Our road being undulating and skirted with forests of white pine as before.

We went on thru Golden Gate which is a beautiful sight. It consists of vertical walls of great height and steep roads around the face of the cliffs. We went to the Mammoth Springs and received our mail, and then looked around the various colors white, yellow, brown etc. In the top of one of the extinct terraces is an extinct crater called the Devils Kitchen.

(They enjoyed many more days and much scenery but by the 24th of July, they were becoming tired. Mr. J. Devalson Cummings recorded in his journal "The most of us wish we were back home participating in the great celebration of Pioneer Days in Utah.")

They started back home on July 25. They ate sage chicken, rabbit, fish, birds etc. on the way home. On Wednesday, July 28, they started down a very steep hill. They had to fasten a log on the back of their wagon and one of the men road the wagon down the hill. They had a rough time getting down the hill and made the statement that they never wanted to see the hill again.

The trip home was difficult as the horses were worn out and the shoes of the men were worn out. They had difficulty purchasing food. They had to have the horses reshod. By the time they got to Spring Creek, they found good feed for the horses and some food to replenish their supply and after a good night's rest they felt better.

On Friday, August 6th, they had duck for breakfast and drove on to Soda Springs where they knew some people and so had a chance for a good meal and rest.

They were very happy to see the dawning of the 15th of August when they realized that their long absence from home was about over. They expressed themselves that the trip was well worth it but that home was the place to be.)

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News from the Executive Board

The Executive Board of SUP held its monthly meeting in Logan on August 8th, in conjunction with the National Convention. The group had breakfast together, after which President Bates introduced Kenneth Roe, Chairman of this year's convention.

Chairman Roe welcomed the visitors, expressed the hope that everyone would enjoy the convention, and then gave some thoughts on the organization as a whole. He hoped that the organization could attract more young couples, that we might get more young men into positions of leadership in the organization.

Roe also suggested that we might organize a writers' workshop so that articles of greater historical value might be included in our magazine and in our library.

President Bates reported that some members of the organization are paying local dues, but are neglecting to pay their national dues. He suggested that local chapters consider this problem and assist in the solution. He also reported on the budget of the National organization. The need for funds to support the National activities and objectives is great. He said that he has put the National on a budget and that we are living within that budget.

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New Life Members

No.	Name	Chapter
1501	Al John Walkowski	EMC
1502	Richard W. Owens	BY
1503	David S. Heufner	EMC
1504	Dr. Eugene Robertson	BY
1505	Laurel D. Leavitt	SRV
1506	A. Grant Laws	SD
1507	Dwight George Black	AL
1508	Steven D. Jones	MtJ
1509	E. Keith Eddington	Le
1510	Richard Hale Eddington	Le

Purchase A Life Membership

I wish to thank and congratulate each of the new Life Members for their interest. We still have three months before the end of the year. To all those interested in life memberships remember that if your dues have been paid for 1987 it would leave a balance of \$135.00 to make your a life member if it is paid prior to December 31, 1987.

May we make a suggestion to the ladies. With Christmas coming soon, a Life Membership pin and certificate would be an ideal gift for the number one man in your life. It is one that he will treasure and benefit from for a long time.

Temple Quarry Chapter Report

Temple Quarry Chapter, SUP, held their annual chick-a-ree July 9th in the Riverton Park. Host couples were Mr. and Mrs. Ed Pitts and Mr. and Mrs. Golden Buchmiller.

Following the delicious luncheon, the members went to the home of Ken and Elsie Rasmussen, where they viewed the extensive and interesting collection of relics and memorabilia the Rasmussens have acquired through the years.

The August meeting was held during the time many members were in Logan attending the national encampment. They met in the Junction Restaurant, Saturday, August 8th at noon.

Members are looking forward to the Craft "Show and Sell" night on October 8th. Proceeds will go into the Monument Fund, and also waiting for chapter cookbooks being prepared by Elaine Bigler.

President Hinckley Addresses Anniversary Meeting of East Mill Creek Mills Chapter

The 110th anniversary of the organization of the first East Mill Creek Ward of the LDS Church was celebrated by the East Mills Creek Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers on July 13th. President Gordon B. Hinckley of the First Presidency of the LDS Church was the featured speaker.

Guests enjoyed an elegantly catered dinner and were entertained by a trio of vocalists comprising Lavon Rudd, Alice Swenson, Cecelia Hurst; also by a duet composed of Tom and Ellen Pike.

The meeting was a sell-out and a great time was had by all.

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How Do You Yoke An Ox?

(Adapted from the book "From Malaga to the Mountain" by Robert E. Jones)

In 1853 a group of LDS converts from Great Britain had crossed the Atlantic aboard the sailing vessel "Camillus". They landed at New Orleans and made their way up the Mississippi to Keokuk, Iowa, where the Church had established an outfitting camp for the pioneers crossing the Great Plains to the Salt Lake Valley that season.

The group was to be led by Major John Brown, an experienced plainsman, who had been sent out from Salt Lake Valley by Brigham Young, to guide this group of Englishmen across the plains to the Valley. Elder Issac C. Haight was returning from the British Mission and was President of the company.

John Western was a mill-worker from England, and, like most of the men in the company, was a "green-horn", totally unfamiliar with handling oxen. This company of green-horn Britishers, put together with a corral full of green, unbroken oxen, spelled trouble.

"There is only one solution," Brown advised Haight. "We must train the drivers, as well as the oxen."

Early one morning Major Brown called the men of the company to an assembly at the corral for special instructions. Brown was assisted by a tall, lean, tanned and weather-beaten plainsman by the name of Clem Dawkins. While the men were assembling, Dawkins stood by, testing the stem of a grass stock in his teeth. As he listened to the babble of cockney accents his face took on a look of concern.

In the corral were a hundred-forty heavy-boned steers, mostly tan or brown in color and nearly all having horns. Near the corral gate there was a pile of yokes.

Brown explained the handling of an ox: "The ox is hitched to the wagon by a yoke. The manner of hitching an ox is altogether different from the way in which a horse is harnessed to pull a carriage. The horse is largely controlled by reins attached to a steel bit and held in the horse's mouth by a bridle. The horse has a leather collar which fits around his neck and rests back against his shoulders. In a crease in the collar there is fitted a steel or hardwood hame. To this hame are attached the traces which lead back along the horse's body and are hooked to a singletree. When the horse leans against the collar the traces are tightened and the wagon is pulled forward. Between the two members of a team there is a neckyoke, one horse being fastened at the collar to each end of this yoke. The end of the wagon tongue passes through a large ring in the center of the yoke. By means of the neckyoke and wagon-tongue the vehicle is steered.

"With a team of oxen the method of control is altogether different. The ox has no bit in its mouth nor bridle on its head. The control of a bit against a sensitive mouth, as in case of the more flighty and active horse, is not used with the more stolid, slow-moving ox. The shoulders of the ox are not adaptable to a collar. The head of the ox hangs low and the neck slopes downward to the head, leaving exposed in front where the neck fits onto the body, a hump of sorts which sits on top of the shoulders. The ox-yoke fits against this hump and the ox leans against it in the process of pulling.

"The ox-yoke is a hardwood timber about five feet long and five inches thick. It is especially selected, shaped and seasoned so as to give strength and to fit comfortably against the hump of the ox. Each of the two oxen making up a team stands under one end of the yoke, the same resting down upon the neck of the ox immediately in front of the animal's hump. The yoke is held in place by a bow, a U-shaped hardwood piece which fits under the neck of the ox with the two ends or prongs of the bow protruding upward and inserted into holes in the yoke and locked into place by a pin. When the yoke is fitted over the animal's hump and the bow attached, the animal's head is "locked in" and he cannot escape, especially if he has horns, until the bow is removed.

"The wagon tongue extends up between the two oxen and is fastened to the yoke. The oxen both pull and guide the wagon by means of the tongue. The ox wears no harness, no traces, and is controlled entirely by the voice of the driver enforced by the whip."

Major Brown asked for a show of hands of the men who had had previous experience with oxen. Only a few hands went up.

"Brethren," Brown continued the instruction, "we recommend the use of oxen instead of horses for some very good reasons. Although the ox is slower than the horse he is stronger and more dependable. The ox is stupid and stolid and therefore less inclined to become excited and run away. He is easily trained and seldom bites or kicks. The ox is less apt to stray away at night and is therefore more easily guarded. The main reason

(Continued on page 9)

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(Continued from previous page)

for preferring the ox to the horse, however, is that the ox will do well in dry and sparse grassland where a horse would starve. In short, the ox is better equipped to survive the journey than the horse. We have found that the ox can feed on the dry prairie grasses and do reasonably well while the horse would starve to death in the same pasture unless his diet is supplemented with grain.

"Horses and a few mules will be used for scouting and herding and by the captains for communicating with the various camps of the company. We will also have some horses for trading with the Indians.

"Now, Brother Dawkins will teach you how to yoke an ox."

Brother Dawkins stepped forward. His manner was businesslike and direct although he wore a pleasant expression and a slight grin, as though he anticipated some amusing fireworks.

"Men," he said, "all of these steers have had some training under the yoke, although some of them very little. When yoking a team it is always best to yoke the greenest and most unruly ox first. Once you have the one under control of the yoke you can easily lead him alongside an old, broken ox to complete the team. By the time we reach the Valley these animals will be so tired and accustomed to the yoke that an eight year old boy could drive them, but right now if we are to avoid accidents there must be some training.

"Here Brother, see that steer against the fence, the one facing us with the white spot on his side? Put a yoke on 'im'." He handed a heavy yoke and bow to John Western, the "wire drawer" from Birmingham. John

stepped confidently forward to accomplish this seemingly simple task. With the other men sitting on the fence rail or leaning against it, John swung the yoke under one arm and walked hastily toward the head of the ox.

The startled ox whirled and made to run away, whereupon John ran around to head off the fleeing animal. The ox whirled and reversed his direction. Then ensued a little game between John and the steer. The steer with its rump to the fence and facing John, darted first one way and then the other. John, waving the yoke in his hands, darted with the ox, attempting to head off each alternating lunge of the animal. The steer became more excited and began to puff. John puffed too but he was more winded than the ox.

Finally, in desperation to stop the ox from darting back and forth John flung the yoke at its head. In attempting to dodge the flying yoke the ox caught it with his horn, and with a swinging movement of the head the ox flung the yoke back at John. It struck him full across the chest and knocked him backward to the ground and into a large puddle of green steer manure. John, trying to get up, got the messy stuff all over himself. He got up with the manure clinging to the back of his shirt and trousers and dripping from his hands. The men on the fence roared with laughter.

John threw the yoke against the fence and headed for the nearby creek. In a moment he returned soaking wet, for he had jumped into the water without bothering to remove his clothing. The onlookers on the fence were still doubled with laughter. Clem Dawkins offered consolation.

(Continued on page 20. See "Ox".)

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Of the First Company of Mormon Pioneers to enter the Salt Lake Valley

On July 24, 1987 (Pioneer Day), the Twin Peaks Chapter and their friends gathered at the "This Is The Place Monument" to dedicate their memorial to those sturdy pioneers who were the first of many stalwart people to enter the Salt Lake Valley with the intent to settle here. Indians, early explorers and Mountain Men had been in the valley but no one had deliberately come to build their homes here.

Some time ago, the Sons of Utah Pioneers Headquarters were informed that no reference to the original pioneer company existed in the State Park of the This Is The Place Monument. The Twin Peaks Chapter was offered the assignment to correct this oversight. A committee was formed with Alan S. Young and Lynn Garff as chairmen, to gather funds and research the data for the monument.

Due to the untiring efforts of these men, the money was raised from donations, some of them very large, from people outside the chapter as well as from members, and the data was made available to a contractor to build the monument which is made of Keystone Georgia Blue granite. The plaque contains the names of the 177 pioneers who made up the advance company to enter the Valley of the Great Salt Lake. Originally there were 144 pioneers selected and assigned and they were later joined by 11 members of the Mormon Battalion from Pueblo and 17 members of a Mississippi group. There has been much discussion of how many took part in this memorable march but the Church Historian's Office has substantiated the above number.

The original group was made up of Church leaders and some of the apostles who were especially selected to go, plus other men to make up 144 men with special skills, representing 12 men for each of the 11 tribes of Israel. It wasn't long before these plans were changed when Harriet Young, the wife of Brigham's younger brother, Lorenzo Dow Young, said that she would not be left behind. She suffered

from asthma and said that she knew that she would die if left behind at Winter Quarters. Brigham at first objected, but finally agreed when Lorenzo said that he wouldn't go if he couldn't take Harriet.

This created a problem because Harriet couldn't very well be the only woman, so Brigham took one of his wives, Clara, who was a daughter of Harriet by a previous marriage, and Heber C. Kimball took his Norwegian wife, Ellen. Harriet wasn't quite through with her demands. She insisted that she be allowed to take her two children. As a result, the party started out with 144 men, 3 women and two children. There were changes in the number as the group moved west. Some men were left behind along the trail for special assignments and other groups joined them while they were traveling. There were a number of teen-age youth but they were counted as men. On the 4th of July, 11 members of the Mormon Battalion who had been left in Pueblo due to illness, joined the party and about the same time, 17 members of the Mississippi group of saints joined the company at Ft. Laramie as was necessary. One man said that he had a lot of energy to expend but Brigham told him that if that was the case, he should get down off his wagon during the day and try walking.

The trip wasn't without some fun. The men fished and hunted and they sang and enjoyed each other's company. The days they took off from their journey, proved to move them faster as the people and their animals had a chance to rest and eat so they were in better condition.

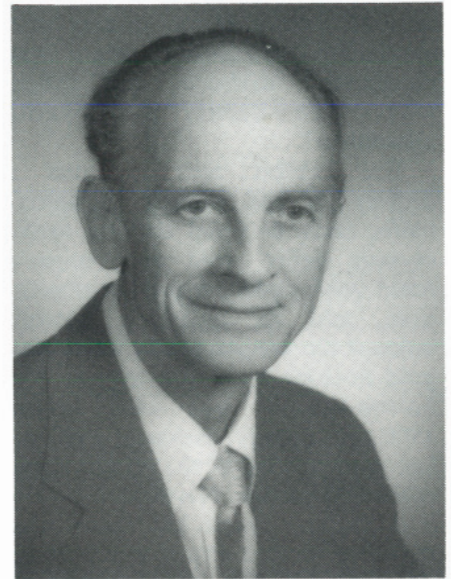
The group cleared a trail as they went for those who were to follow. It took 111 days for the journey west. All of the Mormon pioneers entered the valley on the 22nd of July except Brigham Young and his small group who were held back due to illness. When Brigham finally saw the valley on the 24th for the first time, he uttered the words, "It is enough. This is the right place, drive on." The historic journey was over but the hard work of building a new home for the saints was before them. They did make the desert blossom as a rose.

Our thanks to all who contributed

to help make this project a reality. Our thanks also, to all who participated in the dedication program: Alan S. Young who M.C.'d; vocal solo by George Klinell accompanied by Audrey Peterson; prayer by Jack B. Goodwin, speakers: Daniel F. Allred, Chapter president; Wallace W. Bates, National president; Mike Barker, Supt. Pioneer Trail State Park; Emma R. Olsen, Daughters of Utah Pioneers; R. Paul Madsen, National Commander-Mormon Battalion; and Norman H. Bangerter, Governor of Utah, who gave the dedicatory address and prayer.

Our special thanks to Alan S. Young for his many hours of research and preparation and to Lynn Garff for his many hours spent in gathering the funds necessary for this project. We also acknowledge with thanks the excellent result achieved by the contractor, Rocky Mountain Monument and Vault Corporation.

(See Front Cover)



Paul C. Lyon

Special Art Exhibit Features Works of Paul C. Lyon

Paul C. Lyon, a member of the Holladay Chapter, is a mining and metallurgical engineer. He is also an artist of considerable talent whose works portray scenes from the fields of mining and metallurgy. His talent was recognized recently when he

(Continued on next page)

Paul C. Lyon

(Continued from previous page)

was invited to exhibit some of his paintings at Whitmore Library on Fort Union Boulevard. The exhibit ran from July 16 to August 18, 1987.

If you didn't have the opportunity to visit this exhibit you would have found your time well-rewarded. The exhibit featured oil paintings of mining locations and people back when there were thousands of small underground mines being worked in the Great Basin area. Paul operated one of the last of these mines in Nevada. He gained an appreciation for the life of the miner. His paintings help to preserve for all time this mining culture, and the people who were a part of it.

Paul says: "Not only are the mines, mills and smelters gone, but a class of people is gone. These are the prospectors and mine workers who hoped and worked hard to survive, before Social Security, unemployment benefits and public welfare made it more comfortable to loaf. Many of the miners who worked in these isolated mines were alcoholics, 'drifters', and others who were hardly employable elsewhere."

The exhibit also included a display of old mining paraphernalia, such as hand drilling tools, carbide lights, gold pan, miner's hand gold scales, a pocket transit, ores, and an assayer's button-balance for weighing tiny silver and gold buttons from fire assays. The button-balance was used before 1900 at Kennedy, Nevada, and was last used in 1938 at the artist's assay office in Aurora, Nevada.

A pioneer spirit led those who searched for and mined ores in those days, and, in the process, endured many hardships.

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Box Elder Chapter has Entry in Days of '47 Parade

July was an exciting month for the Box Elder SUP Chapter. National President, Wally Bates, spoke to the large gathering at the Pioneer Park where the members and their partners and guests enjoyed a lovely dinner built around a pit barbecue beef with all the trimmings. President Bates took a few moments to encourage full participation in the encampment, and highlighted some of the important activities planned at and around Logan and the Utah State University campus. Jim Telford, a member of the memorialization committee, explained the memorialization program and its importance to the growth of the SUP organization, and encouraged more chapters participation.

Carlyle Jensen and Conway Parry and wives in pioneer costumes pulled the handcart they had built for the chapter to be put in the Days of '47 parade into the bowery area where the meeting was being held. This created good interest. It was put on display for all to inspect after the luncheon and program. This chapter handcart, along with another handcart built by Lincoln Jensen, past president of our SUP chapter, were entered in the 1987 Days of '47 Parade.

Handcarts also traveled down Main Street in the 1987 Days of '47 Parade in Salt Lake City.

This was a very significant and memorable event for Carlyle Jensen, his wife, Norma, his grandson, Brady, Clare J. Olsen, his wife, Camille, and four children, Cherie, Cory, Dereck and Becky, to pull a handcart in the parade. This handcart was built by Conway Parry (Camille's father) and Carlyle Jensen of the Box Elder SUP Chapter.

Carlyle's great-grandmother, Maren Kristine Olsen, age 17, and Clare's grandfather, Jens Peter Olsen, age 9, came across the plains with the Stoddard handcart company. The company had 124 persons, 21 handcarts and seven wagons. This, the 10th and last company, left Florence, Nebraska on 6 June 1860, and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on 24 September 1860. They had zero deaths enroute, fulfilling a promise made to them by George Q. Cannon that if they would be humble and faithful not one of them should die on the road to the valley. This was literally fulfilled.

In Maren's handcart she had provisions for the leaders of the company as well as her own and her brother's bedding and provisions. They endured the hardships of cold, hunger and sore feet along with the others, and Maren woke up many mornings with her hair frozen to the tent. On one occasion they were three days without food except brown sugar, but even this seemed to give them energy and appease their hunger. At the end of the third month the ones who were sent from Utah to meet the company arrived. Inasmuch as the people from Utah brought some food with they divided the food the company had left among the members. Maren was then allowed to use some of the flour she was pulling for the captain.

It was the custom for them to wade across all the streams. When they reached the Platte River, Maren's 9 year old brother, Jens Peter, not realizing that this was deep water started to wade across the river. No one had seen him go as they were all busy getting the wagons ready to cross. At this time he was separated from his sister. When she reached the opposite bank she turned to look for him. She could just see his head above the water in the middle of the river as he was coming towards her. She felt that he was protected by some unseen power as the water was so deep and swift, almost entering the wagons. He reached her in safety, and said that he had walked on solid footing all across the river.

From 1856 to 1860 nearly 3,000 emigrants traveled to Zion by handcart. As a matter of fact, the handcarts out-traveled the usual ox teams, and often complained of being slowed down by accompanying wagons. The economy of handcart travel is undisputed. It enabled hundreds to emigrate who, in all probability, never could have come to America. Also, by this plan the limited resources of the Perpetual Emigration Fund were so spread as to afford assistance to many more emigrants than could have been helped with wagon trains. The majority of those who traveled by handcart were factory workers

(Continued on next page)

or peasants whose economic opportunities were greatly enhanced by coming to the New World. Hard work and sacrifice were not unknown to them, and they did not hesitate to undertake a type of travel simply because it involved strenuous work and difficulties.

Without doubt, handcart travel was an exacting ordeal for both body and spirit. But thought of comfort was not a primary objective. Concern for material welfare alone could never have produced the handcart migrations. It took consecrated resolution, the sustaining conviction of a deeply religious faith. Spiritual resources buoyed these humble, faithful souls with a strength to endure summer heat and winter cold, fatigue and hunger, discouragement and despair.

Like Israel of old, these modern "Children of God" responded to a Prophet's voice. From their zeal for a new religion they drew strength. From an abiding faith in God and his overruling care, and from a firm belief in the divinity of the command for Latter-day Saints to gather to Zion, they were enabled to gird up their loins and walk the long, scourging trail.

Is it any wonder that it was a very significant and memorable event for them to pull the handcart in the 1987 Days of '47 Parade!



Box Elder Chapter entry in Days of '47 Parade.

SUP Announces South Davis Open House

Lawrence L. Epperson, President of the South Davis Chapter of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers (SUP) has announced an open house at the headquarters of "The National Society" on Saturday, September 19, 1987, between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. All interested citizens of the SOUTH DAVIS AREA are invited to visit this fine facility located at the mouth of Parleys Canyon at 3301 East 2920 South in Salt Lake City, Utah.

This beautiful structure is located at the point where the great bulk of the pioneers entered the Salt Lake Valley. It is the last building on the South side of the canyon as one approaches Wasatch Boulevard on I-80.

Trek to Colonia Juarez and Colonia Dublan, Mexico

The Mesa Chapter of the SUP are currently making plans for a trip to Colonia Juarez and Colonia Dublan - October 15, 16, 17 - and are inviting the other SUP Chapters to join them. Not including the food, the estimated cost of the trip will be less than \$100 per person.

The folks in Mexico will provide a Spanish Meal on the evening of the 15th, and a Barbeque on the 16th, at a cost of about \$5.00. We will tour points of interest on the 16th and return home on the 17th. Motel accommodations will cost about \$27.00 per night for a double and we will be gone two nights.

Any members who are interested contact Lewis Murdock at the National Headquarters office for more details.



Steve and Sylvia McDonald

Stevenson and Sylvia McDonald Moving from Salt Lake to St. George

A note of sadness grips the Holladay Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, and the entire Holladay community, as Steve (Stevenson) and his wife, Sylvia McDonald, prepare to move to St. George in Southern Utah.

Steve has spent all of his more than eighty years in Holladay, living on the same property where he was born in 1904. To many people Steve McDonald is Holladay. It's like shutting down the community, if Steve leaves. Most of the streets, houses, buildings, churches, he saw constructed -- and helped construct many of them. He has been a builder in the real sense -- not merely figuratively. With hammer and saw, and the other tools of the trade -- he did it.

His home place nestles back against the Wasatch mountain. Only a high road, half way up the hill, separates Steve's place from the oakbrush and pine clad hills. He resembles the hills -- stalwart, permanent, strong, never changing, dependable, lofty -- reaching always heavenward.

In this house and yard against the hills Steve and Sylvia raised their eight children, eight of them Steve's by a first marriage. And when years ago the mother of eight died, Sylvia came with two more of her own. Together they raised the ten in this mountain home, with its front windows overlooking the Great Salt Lake Valley, and its green backyard

(Continued on page 19)

SUP National Convention

Yes, the Sons of Utah Pioneers held a Convention -- up Cache Valley way, for three days, August 6-8. And it was something to experience! It was outstanding! It was superb! Follow along with me; and let me tell you about it. Leo Mower will help me. He is a great son of pioneers, a pleasant companion and an excellent photographer. He took the pictures. Leo is my neighbor. We go to the SUP meetings together.

The convention was held on the campus of Utah State University in Logan. Mother Nature had done her best to tidy up the place for us. The lawns were verdant, the shrubbery manicured; it was like a corner of the Garden of Eden. What a place to hold a convention! And there were just enough students in evidence to give the setting a true campus atmosphere -- like you could turn the clock back fifty years and go back to college. Before arriving I had wondered if you could hold a successful convention on a college campus? My apprehension was soon dispelled.

The University people had turned all necessary facilities over to us. We were registered in within the spacious foyer of the Chase Fine Arts Center. The Host Chapter had personnel there to give us all necessary assistance. Here we are registering in. (Note, they even brought in a handcart and placed it near the registration desk to lend atmosphere and let us know we were in the right place.)

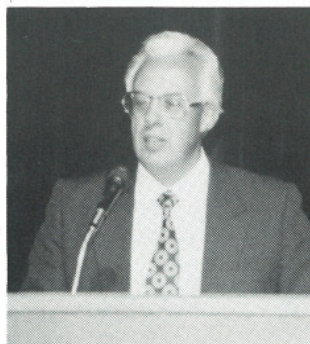


After registering in we had lunch at one of the many college eating places available. Again, I was surprised to discover how appropriate a college campus could be as a place to hold a convention.

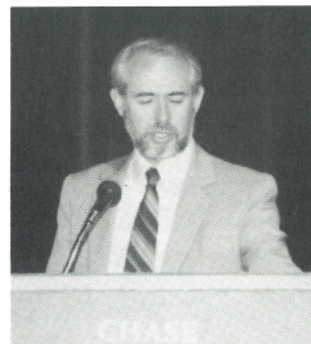
After lunch, the convention proceeded. And they didn't save all of the best stuff for the last day. The first afternoon (Thursday) started off with a bang. The program listed the activity as a "seminar". We gathered in the Morgan Theatre of the Fine Arts Center. Then our distinguished National President, Wallace W. (Wally) Bates welcomed us and turned the meeting over to Kenneth V. Roe, the Convention Chairman.

Like the true patriots that we are, we sang the Star Spangled Banner; the Mormon Battalion led us in a pledge of allegiance and Duane Buchanan, President of the Buena Ventura Chapter led us in an invocation. Now we were ready for the heavy stuff. After some light entertainment, they introduced Professor Rhett James (I don't know whether he was a professor or not. But he

certainly was an authority on his subject, and he was speaking on a college campus. So, I suppose, he was a professor.) He was a writer, a playwright, an historian and an author, who had been requested by Church authorities to prepare a musical drama on the life of early Mormon "witness", Martin Harris. James really knew his subject. He introduced the musical play he had written by presenting two vocalists representing Martin Harris and his wife. Then followed a lecture by Rhett James, presenting intimate things about the life of Martin Harris that are not generally known by the average Church member. I sat fascinated for an hour, although I was weary.



Rhett James



Geo Throckmorton

When James had finished, my faith in Mormonism had been greatly strengthened. I had been thrilled and entertained. I had been informed and my appreciation for my pioneer ancestors was greatly enhanced. Martin Harris was truly "The man who knew", as Professor James had pictured him. Harris was the man who knew Joseph Smith, and the verity of Smith's work.

Then we heard from George Throckmorton, Forensic expert and document examiner, who worked as a representative of the State Attorney General on the Mark Hoffman case. The official interviews with Mark Hoffman, convicted forger and murderer, had just been published, and the subject was on everyone's mind. Very timely. Throckmorton really knew his subject. He gave us some new and "inside" information. Then he answered questions from the audience. It was a fascinating two hours. To hear about the most famous forger of our century, how he worked and fabricated his forgeries, his personality, his motives.

It was a fascinating two hours. Above is George Throckmorton at the microphone.

And here we are stuffing ourselves at the opening banquet on Thursday evening. The food was excellent; there were no speeches -- only entertainment. One pleasant aspect: our waitresses were all college girls, neat, cute, efficient. They made the baked chicken taste special.

Friday morning we went by bus out to the Ronald Jensen farm (eight miles south of Logan). This farm is now owned by USU and is being preserved in its early 20th century condition. The University also uses it for some crop experimentation work and for instruction in agricultural technology. We saw farm horses in harness, an old fashioned thrashing machine in actual operation, the dairy houses and auxiliary buildings as they were back in 19th century days. It was a fascinating visit.

Here we are visiting the farm:



Here are the Nibley and Eccles' Homes:



Nibley-Somers Home



Eccles-Needham Home

We next made one of the more interesting visits of the convention: To three of the famous old residences of Cache Valley - the early 19th century homes of Seth H. Blair, David Eccles and Charles W. Nibley.

The Nibley home is now owned by Ray Somers, a member of the Temple Quarry Chapter of SUP. I was particularly interested in this one because Brother Somers was there to give us a personal tour. I had another reason also. My son is married to a great granddaughter of Charles W. Nibley. I had read his autobiography. He described how, as a poor immigrant boy he had settled with his family in Cache Valley. Eventually, he became a successful merchant, with interests in lumber and railroads. He was an associate with David Eccles. Eccles made more money and became a famous timber and financial baron of the intermountain west. Nibley went on to become Presiding Bishop of the Church and a Counselor to President Joseph F. Smith. To see how and where these old nineteenth century barons lived -- to experience a little of the luxury of that old pioneer day -- was an enjoyable hour for me. I wouldn't have missed it for anything.



Thursday Opening Banquet

That afternoon we visited the Festival of the American West and the Great West Fair. This is an exhibit put on annually to preserve the history and culture of the old west as it was in the early 19th century. An area of the campus several acres in size had been fenced off. Within this area there were in costume the trappers, traders and Indians of early 19th century. There were foods cooking -- and for sale -- as the mountain men cooked, or the pioneers prepared around the campfires. There were handicrafts of all varieties in the process of manufacture and for sale -- food, beads, clothing; etc. Many booths displayed the goods of a hundred years ago. And there was entertainment too, Spanish conquistadors singing and dancing, Indian dances, video displays. One could spend days of fascination wandering through this village. It was marvel to see. The village and the Indian dancing:



Homer Stringham and wife at Festival of American West and Great West Fair.



The oldest son, 6'4", does a traditional Indian dance while his father beats the drums.

For me, the highlight of all the convention entertainment was the "Festival of the American West --American Odyssey". This was a production in ballet, folk songs and narration, portraying the colonization of the western United States. The various western migrations were shown in pageant form, accompanied by the dancers, singers and narrators -- all telling the story of the population of the west. There came the Indians first, then the Spanish, the Shenandoah companies in their conastogas, the Mormons, the argonauts, and finally the cowboys.

The production was staged in the Spectrum Theatre of the University. The house was filled with attentive audience. When the production was finished and the final curtain down, I left feeling that this one event was worth the entire cost of registering and traveling to the convention.

This production featured a taped narration by Actor Jimmy Stewart, host singer Robert Peterson, The Burch Mann American Folk Ballet and the Wisdom Indian dancers. It was first quality all the way.

There were many other interesting events: Like a visit to the Logan Temple, the lecture and exhibit by western artist, Bill Hill. There was an Awards Luncheon and a President's Banquet. In the remaining space available we give you photographs of the awards and the results of the election of officers.



Our beloved President Wally and his wife, Elda Bates. He has done an outstanding job.



Everett Call, President-elect, will take office next January. He is a modest, capable man, a good leader. He will be liked by all.

And Then There Were The Winners!!



Wallace Bates, SUP President, and wife, Elda, receive President's award.



President Frank Brown of Holladay Chapter, which won the award for greatest participation in tile sales. Shown with him are Mrs. Brown and National President Wallace Bates.



Holladay Chapter President Frank Brown, his wife Jeanne, and President Wallace Bates. Holladay won the award for highest achievement points.



Morris Bennion and his wife, Faye. He will take office in January 1988 and will make a great President-elect.



Lawrence Eperson, President of South Davis Chapter and his wife, Gwen, receive the award for highest achievement of the smaller chapters.



Four tireless workers, true sons of pioneers: (L to R) Clayton Fairborn, Grant Hale, Barbara Tullis, SUP Recording Secretary, and Lewis Murdock, SUP Executive Secretary.

**For A Complete List of Winners and Achievement Awards See Page 3.
And So A Great Convention Came To An End!!**

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McDonald

(Continued from page 13)

running up the mountain to the top of Mt. Olympus.

Here, for many summers Steve and Sylvia have entertained the members of the Holladay Chapter of SUP at their midsummer meetings. Hundreds of delicious steaks, thousands of ears of delicious corn, fruit and delicacies by the thousands have been consumed here beneath the trees in Steve's backyard. Hearts have been gladdened as members and friends gathered here in the shadow of a great mountain, enjoying the hospitality of a great, mountain of a man and his lovely Sylvia.

Steve graduated from Granite High School in 1923. He was active in football and dramatics. He married his high school sweetheart, Elizabeth Andrus, a school teacher. He brought her to the home against the mountain. Here they started their family of eight children. Then in 1948 Elizabeth died, leaving Steve with the eight children, most of them still small. One evening, two years later, Sylvia came by to help him wash the dishes. They were married and Sylvia has stayed on for thirty-eight years -- and is still by his side, her own frail form lending strength to Steve, who now stoops a little and has slowed in his footsteps, but only slightly. You don't notice the changes because the sparkle in his eyes is still so bright and fascinating.

Steve McDonald is a Life Member of SUP, and a Past President of Holladay Chapter. He is himself, a pioneer. He represents all of the virtues, all of the stamina, all of the enduring qualities of the true pioneer. He has been a community builder, a maker of friends, a patriot of a great nation, a saint of latter days, a conquerer of mountains, a lover of hearts, a friend to a whole valley of people.

He has served a mission for his Church and has been active all of his life. He has subscribed wholeheartedly to its doctrines and programs. He venerates its leaders. Frequently he sits beneath the walls of its Temples and participates in all the ceremonies of these solemn and sacred edifices. He has held many positions in his Church.

Back many years ago, when water was an indispensable commodity in this frontier community, Steve was appointed Watermaster of Cottonwood Creek. He parcelled out the life-giving water to those entitled to it, settled disputes, kept the ditches clean and free-flowing, walked in rubber boots the entire length and breadth of the system of canals and ditches. Most any morning at 5 or 6, when the sun comes over the mountain, Steve can be seen walking the ditches, making sure this life-giving water gets to the fields and gardens which need it for survival. Steve has made the community green. Now that homes by the thousands have been built, and a public water system replaces much of the old Cottonwood Creek tributaries, people don't know their Watermaster anymore. And but few remember the function he fulfilled in bringing the moisture of life to the pioneer houses and fields of days fast disappearing.

Now the Watermaster is moving! The mountain will not be the same! A friend will be gone!

But not forever! We'll be down to visit you often, Steve and Sylvia. And you will always be welcome to return to your old haunts and visit with us. We love you as we love the everlasting hills. We want what is good for you. We want what you want. Our love will go with you. So we say, "So long, for now!" "May God bless you!" And "may we meet again soon!"

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Ox (Continued from page 9)

"Brother Western I suppose I owe you an apology. I gave you the meanest steer in the corral and you did all the wrong things.

"Now men," Clem continued, "let me show you how it should be done."

The steer stood panting against the fence. Clem walked slowly toward him. When he was within twenty feet of the ox he stopped.

"Men," he resumed the instruction, "never approach an ox head-on and never in a hurry. Quick movements frighten an animal. Take it easy. Approach from the side or the rear. Above all, get the attention of the animal and talk to him."

Clem moved to a position opposite the animal's rump and started talking to him: "Whoa boy, You're not such a bad ox, are ya now? Settle down boy, settle down and look at me."

Dawkins' voice was quiet but firm and his tone was gentle. He looked straight at the ox and spoke directly to him. The ox turned and watched Dawkins and was obviously listening to the sound of his voice.

Without changing his tone Clem continued with words aimed at the steer but obviously also intended for the men on the fence. "Whoa boy, whoa! Yeh, a steer is just like a woman, approach 'em head-on and in too big a hurry, an proposition 'em with some dang fool notion that will yoke 'em and you can get into a peck 'o trouble." This brought a chuckle from the men on the fence.

"But on the other hand, come at 'em gently with sweet talk and from the rear and you can accomplish much more. Whoa boy! Yeh boy, I'm talking to you, you dumb critter. There ain't no woman can resist a kiss on the neck from the rear if accompanied by sweet words."

As he talked Clem inched forward one small step at a time, but toward the rump of the ox not the head.

"Whoa boy! Be a good boy! Settle down boy! Easy there, I won't hurt you."

His voice continued in gentle, even tones. The ox turned his head to watch and followed Clem with his eyes.

"Whoa boy! Settle down now! If Brother Western hadn't worked you into such a lather this wouldn't take half as long, now would it boy?"

Clem was now opposite the animal's rump. Slowly he reached his hand over the back of the steer and commenced to stroke him on the opposite side. Talking to the ox all the while, he continued the instruction as he kept up the stroking motion.

"Now, if you first stroke an animal on the near side he tends to draw away from you. But if you reach over and stroke 'im on the off side it tends to pull him toward you, natural-like.

"Now another thing, always stroke with the lay of the hair, never against it. And stroke firmly like you were giving a massage. It irritates an animal to be touched lightly, it tickles him like a fly."

Keeping up the stroking Clem worked himself forward along the side of the ox. By the time he had reached a point midway of the animal it had dropped its head and settled down completely relaxed. If it had been a cat it would have purred.

Clem didn't stop there. Talking all the while, he

worked forward, rubbing the animal down across the withers, then the neck. Finally he stroked the ears, then down the forehead to the muzzle. Then he moved back, running his hands down the foreleg. Gently he massaged the leg downward with the slant of the hair. He took the leg by the ankle, bent it backward at the knee and lifted it up. With his fingers he removed a rock which had lodged between the two parts of the split hoof.

"Now, if one of you men will hand me a yoke, please. Come quietly and from the rear."

Dawkins reached behind him and received the extended yoke. Bringing it slowly forward he placed one end in front of the ox's hump and fastened the bow under his neck. With the ox so fastened, Dawkins pulled the animal toward him with the yoke and said "giddup," at the same time he slapped the animal firmly but gently on the rump. The animal moved forward. Clem continued to pull on the yoke with his right hand, at the same time giving the command "haw". The ox in this fashion made several turns to the left around the trainer. Then Clem pushed the ox away from him by pushing the animal to the right with the yoke as he gave the command "gee". After repeating this procedure several times, turning the ox around the trainer first in one direction then the other, Clem said "whoa" and pulled the ox to a stop. He reached down, unfastened the bow and removed the yoke. Turning to the men he said, "It's like I said, Brethren, an ox is like a woman. Stroke him gently and in the right places and he'll do anything for you."

There was not a man present who was not thoroughly convinced that Clem Dawkins was an expert with oxen—and women.

"Brethren", said Major Brown, "spend whatever time you can today here at the corral getting acquainted with these steers. Keep trying until you know how to yoke 'em and how to handle 'em. Your life may depend on it. Come back tomorrow at seven in the morning and we'll hitch some of them to a wagon and do some more training."

On the morrow at the appointed hour the men were back. Clem Dawkins was there too, wearing his half-grin and an air of self-assurance. This time there was a wagon parked in the corral.

"Two of you men catch a couple oxen and hitch 'em to that wagon," said Dawkins. Two men responded. They must have learned well the lesson of the previous day because they had no difficulty yoking and hitching a team.

Dawkins stood by the wagon, whip in hand.

"Now men," he said, "as I told you yesterday you must talk to the ox with your mouth and the whip. Your voice and the way you handle the whip will tell 'im what you want him to do. There are certain rules which if followed will help the ox to understand you.

"First, always stand in the same place; to the left side of your team, about ten or twelve feet out and a little behind the near ox. When we are traveling in rough terrain this will not always be possible, but do the best you can.

"Your best trained ox should be on the left next to you where he can best see and hear you. Through your lead ox you can control both of them. When you want

(Continued on page 21)

them to bear to the right yell 'gee' and take one step forward as though to drive the team away from you to the right. If your command is not obeyed lay your whip against the left side of the off-ox. Lay the whip in the same place each time so the ox learns your signal.

"When you want the team to turn left toward you, give the command 'haw' and take one step backward, thus inviting the team to turn toward you. Lay the whip against the right neck of the near-ox. By the time you get to Salt Lake City you will understand these steers and they will understand you. Our object is to keep both of you safe and alive until that understanding is reached.

"Another thing, protect your oxen all you can. Never mistreat 'em. If they become lame find out why and do something about it. Before starting in the morning take a look at their hooves to see there are no rocks in the feet. Watch the yoke that it doesn't wear a sore on his neck. If he gets sores put on some salve or bacon grease. and if you have a spare ox give the sore one a rest for a day or two.

"No one but the sick, the old or babies should ride in the wagons. You may not think your weight amounts to much but it is important. Long before these critters reach the Valley they will be so sore and tired you will feel sorry for them. Walk beside the wagon or behind it. If you don't you may be pulling the wagon yourself before you get to your journey's end."



Above, members of the Sons of the Utah Pioneers, Twin Peaks Chapter, make one of more than 20 quilts they will give to the needy, while wives of the members look on. The SUP chapter has donated more than 500 pounds of food to the needy and decided to make quilts as another public service project. Below, the wives show off some of the warm, beautiful quilts the men have made for the needy. The women are Dixie Olsen, Helen Quist, Lois Allred and Kay Garff.



Lot Smith

**Mormon Patriot, Idealist, Dedicated Destroyer,
Colonizer, Paternalist, Fire-brand**

by D. P. Bartschi

Editor's Note: This is recommended reading for all true sons of pioneers - a truly interesting account.

"Citizens of Utah — We are invaded by a hostile force, who are evidently assailing us to accomplish our overthrow and destruction . . . resort to the great first law of self-preservation and stand in our own defenses" September 15, 1857, Brigham Young.

Twenty-eight year old Lot Smith, abrasive and cantankerous at an early age, bridled at the thought of the United States Army entering his territory of Utah. President Young had commissioned Smith along with Orrin Porter Rockwell and William A. Hickman to command three separate guerrilla forces to "hold your command in readiness to march at the shortest possible notice to any part of the Territory" Two weeks earlier, Lieutenant General Daniel H. Wells had issued his directive readying the entire Nauvoo Legion - Smith, Rockwell and Hickman were to command small ranger guerrilla groups to harass, irritate and plague the invaders. The entire Fifth Infantry plus eight companies of the Tenth, United States Army were already two weeks on the unfamiliar Overland Trail; two Battalions of artillery lugging four six-pound and two twelve-pound howitzers along the rutted, dusty prairie. Ponderous and unwieldy, Colonel Albert Sidney

(Continued on page 23)



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We need these 500 modern day volunteers to fulfill the prophecy of Brigham Young when he said, "They would live in honor mention throughout history." We will do this by gathering histories, diaries, journals, finding and marking the burial place where these men are buried. We will mark out the trails and roads where they marched and establish monuments in their honor.

Our reward will be associating with honorable God fearing good men who enjoy good company and just having fun, traveling over the route they marched, camping out or riding in modern buses and comfortable cars on treks, marching in parades in our colorful uniforms, participating in historical events by raising the U.S. flag, and pay tribute to our great heritage.

WE NEED YOU!

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Dr. J. C. Haws and wife

Dr. Haws and Wife Receive Couple Award

Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Haws of the Box Elder Chapter were the proud recipients of the "Outstanding Couple" Award as presented by the National Society of Utah Pioneers during the Awards Luncheon at the Temple Fork sponsored Encampment in Logan, Utah, Saturday, August 8, 1987.

Brother Haws recently retired after completing forty years in Public Education as a teacher, principal, and superintendent. Since his retirement, he and his wife Eva have served as missionaries in the Nauvoo Restoration in Illinois for eighteen months and are now Ordinance Workers in the Ogden Temple.

Brother and Sister Haws were both reared in Escalante, Utah, where they received their early education. They both attended school at the Branch Agricultural College in Cedar City. Dr. Haws received his Bachelors and Masters' Degrees at Brigham Young University, and his Doctorate at Utah State University. He taught school in Cedar City and Provo and was a principal and superintendent in the Uintah and Box Elder Counties.

Brother and Sister Haws have always been active in their church and have held many positions. They have, also served in several positions of leadership in the various communities in which they have lived.

The Haws have been active in the Sons of Utah Pioneers since 1979. Brother Haws served as a National Vice-president and as President of the Box Elder Chapter. Brother Haws is a member of the \$1000.00 Name Memorialization Program, is a Life Member and contributor to the "Tile Project". He has, also written and presented to the National S.U.P. Library several histories of his ancestors. He received the "Outstanding Individual Award" by his local chapter when he was their president.

Brother and Sister Haws have four children and twenty grandchildren. During their retirement they continue to devote their time to their family, church and to their community.

Lost and Found

HELP! Please come and find me!

Some time ago, a small black book of notes and addresses etc. was left at the National Headquarters following a chapter dinner.

It was hoped that someone would claim it but no one has.

If this sounds familiar and you are missing your notes, please contact the office - 484-4441 and you may find that it's yours.

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Lot Smith (Continued from page 21)

Johnston's command was strung out along the long road from Fort Leavenworth to the Territory of the Saints; battling the elements and themselves, indecisive orders and Commanders, delays and uncertainty, becoming more and more querulous with each oppressive mile. One Captain was to record, "We are none of us prepared for such a move and my battery less than any other command." Another officer was to write of his superior, "not one officer in the line but what perfectly hates him." Unity in the ranks was not overly abundant.

The three ranger groups were instructed to perniciously torment the marching troops; to obstruct and delay passage and to pester and provoke wherever possible - but not to inflict bodily harm nor to destroy too much of the supplies - Brigham Young had no intentions of being forced to feed a starving army, if some of the army supplies could be converted to civilian use, so much the better. On October 4th, 1857, Lot Smith and his ranging guerrillas made a lightning-strike on two trains of contractor freighters - camped in blissful insecurity along the Green River - the following day a third, equally at ease, on the Big Sandy; all within an easy hour's ride from the camp of Colonel Waite's command. The freighters, Russell, Majors and Waddell, had, to their sorrow, pulled ahead of the troops and for years after wondered what manner of devastation had struck so skillfully and completely, then disappeared into the mountain vastness. Major Smith and his phantom riders had torched seventy-two freight wagons thereby frying 150 tons of provisions; mostly flour and bacon. Colonel Johnston's troopers would forego morning

bacon for weeks to come.

Perhaps Major Smith became just a bit too enthusiastic and dedicated to his work. Just how much is "too much?" Thus was the beginning of the great Mormon Rebellion and the Utah War. Major Smith was to strike many times in the next few months, strike and vanish, stampeding draft animals, purloining the beef animals on which the troopers depended heavily for food, burning the graze for the herds, burning the shelters of Fort Bridger and Fort Supply and in general, making life meager and miserable for the United States Army.

In January of 1858 Legion Adjutant General James Ferguson reported, ostentatiously to Brigham Young, "Without the firing of a single gun on our part, they were most effectively defeated; and all their loud bravado epilogued into a cold seat around the ashes of Forts Bridger and Supply."

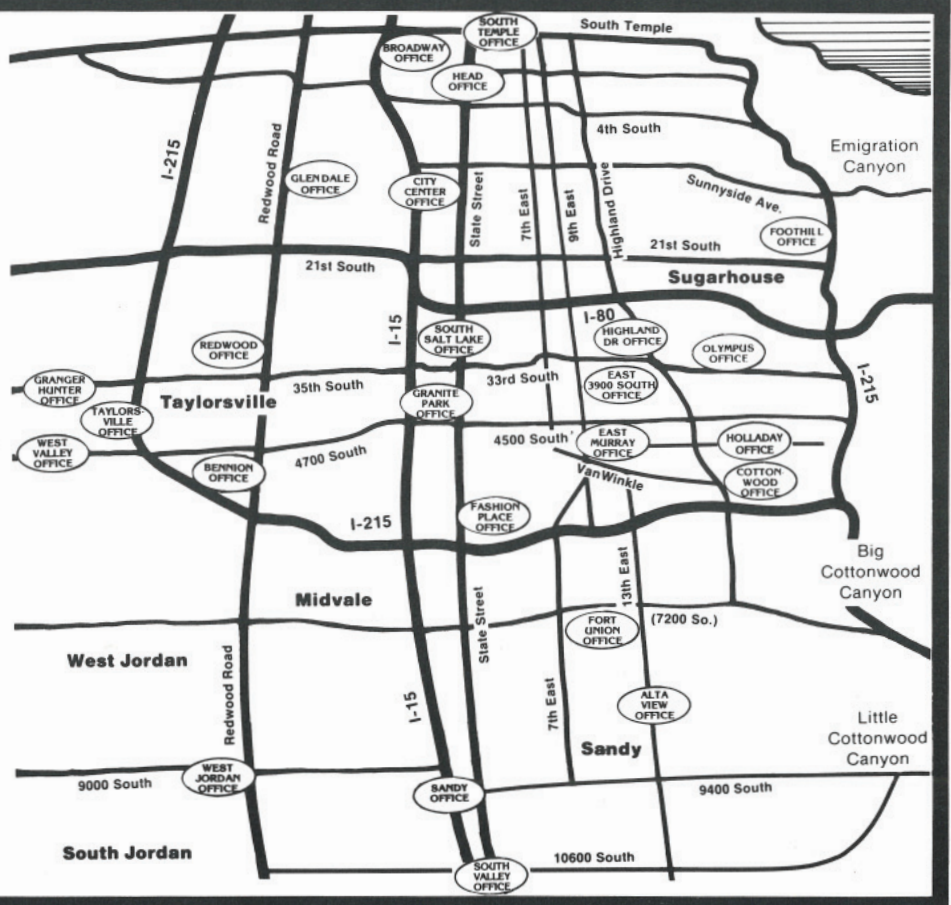
Lot Smith, the Mormon Patriot and Dedicated Destroyer had done his work well. His exploits were to become legendary. Venturesome, tempestuous, explosive and obstinate, Major Smith would absent himself from the front row of the church hierarchy for the next eighteen years. Retiring to the simple and peaceful life in Farmington, Utah; he had already become dutifully domesticated at age twenty-one - taking a wife, the first of eight, in 1851. A mission call from the Church sent him to England; service as County Sheriff and manager of the local livestock cooperative kept him somewhat in the background of first line Church activity. His past years with the roving guerrillas, the Nauvoo Legion and the Mormon Battalion

(Continued on next page)

Drop into the Valley



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Heber City,
Orem, Spanish Fork,
Nephi, Delta
and Richfield.**



Lot Smith *(Continued from previous page)*

had left him precious little time for family life; he now entered into the tranquility of his halcyon surroundings.

Major Smith was an ardent admirer of fine animals - especially fine blooded horses - interestingly enough, a fellow ranger, Porter Rockwell, was in the process of establishing a horse operation in the Sheeprock mountains far to the southwest. It is not known if Smith and Rockwell ever met or exchanged ideas after their ranger days.

Church Officials kept certain names readily available - to be called upon where strong men were needed - Lot Smith was among them. His peace and quiet was interrupted several times in the next few years. Responding, but never pushing to the front, Smith kept in the background. He participated in several Indian skirmishes, the Echo Canyon affair, and, at the request of President Lincoln, headed a cavalry company to guard and protect railroad and telegraph lines in 1862. Generally, his away-from-home excursions were of relatively short duration, permitting the Major to enjoy the quiet of the Farmington village. He enjoyed the respect of his fellow citizens who learned, sometimes by heated confrontation, to understand the "old" warrior - now thirty-two years of age.

Over the years Smith developed a strangely varied personality - sometimes harsh and unyielding with his family and associates - sometimes sympathetic, indulgent and considerate. Perhaps in his life-time of perpetual frugality and want he became somewhat of a niggardly neighbor - one of the many legends cast Smith as a sagacious buyer. The Farmington general store proprietor recalled that Smith purchased shoes only when his old ones were no longer patchable - the new pair were then always the largest size in stock, this, Smith reasoned, gave him "more for his money." Another neighbor recalled that Smith's over-sized shoes eventually took on the appearance of a sleigh runner - a generous up-turned toe.

The expanding Smith Family joined in the social activities of the burgeoning community; the Major's carefully tended herds proliferated, his finely bred and trained horses were in great demand, life on the Farmington farm was pleasant. Contrary to the usual human tendency the Major's tempestuous temper did not mellow with age. His neighbors approached him with caution, keenly aware of a possible explosion - the adventuresome and youthful pranksters of the area soon learned when and where to curtail their shenanigans. Smith was a good neighbor - to be handled with care. Major Lot Smith, U.S. Mormon Battalion, Nauvoo Legion, Ranger Guerrilla, Farmington Farmer was his own man. In an intimate consultation with Counselor Heber C. Kimball, who apparently understood Smith's frailties as well as his strengths, is reported to have cautioned; "Lot, curb that terrible temper or you will surely die with your boots on." An off-hand expression and, indeed, a prophecy which would be fulfilled three decades later.

Farmington at this time was one of many arms-length settlements which the Church Officials had planted within a brisk buggy drive from Church Headquarters - President Brigham Young, however, visualized colonization in a great many-spoked wheel, reaching out in

all directions to all climes and climates, to permit a great diversification of production for the maintenance of the church members and to aid in the spreading of the doctrine; all to be encircled with an expandable iron rim of security.

In late 1873 there was commissioned an Arizona Expedition - a group to travel, explore and colonize a remote area of the Arizona Territory. Envisioned by Church Leaders as a righteous thrust into the heart of Navajo land, it was to teach the natives and to establish a permanent mission. At the outset, the group was unfit, ill-equipped and inadequately informed and captained. They started late in the season, tarried and pushed a mere hundred miles up the desolately remote and uninviting Little Colorado, tacked together a ramshackle set of shelters and made a half-hearted attempt to establish a settlement.

It was here that Frontiersman and Indian Missionary, Jacob Hamblin, joined and escorted the group further. Hamblin recorded, "In the spring of 1874, a company of about one hundred wagons crossed the Colorado, well fitted out, with instructions to form a settlement on the Little Colorado or on some of the tributaries of the Gila. I was requested to pilot the first ten wagons as far as Moancoppy (Moencopi), and remain there for further instructions. For a considerable distance beyond Moancoppy, the country is barren and uninviting. After they left that place, the first company became discouraged and demoralized, and returned . . . The companies that followed the one that had returned from the Little Colorado, partook of the same demoralizing spirit. They could not be prevailed upon to believe that there was a good country with land, timber and water, a little beyond where the first company had turned back. They all returned to Utah, and the great effort to settle the country south of Colorado was, for the time being, a failure."

To say that Brigham Young was incensed with the failure would be an understatement - he was fulsomely furious; he fumed from the conference pulpit that he himself, at a not too robust 74 years, would lead the way to Arizona. Of course he knew he would not - but he knew who would: Major Lot Smith.

In mid-winter 1874-75 an incident occurred which would completely wipe out and negate the toilsome years of Jacob Hamblin in his efforts to make friends with the southern tribes. Again we turn to Hamblin's writings, "A party of four young Navajos went to the east fork of the Sevier River, to trade with some Utes in the neighborhood. In Grass Valley they encountered a severe snowstorm, which lasted for three days. They found shelter in a vacant house belonging to one McCarty. He did not belong to the Church, and had that animosity towards Indians, too common with white men, which leads them to slaughter the savages, as they are called, on the most trifling pretences. The Navajos, becoming hungry during the delay, killed a small animal belonging to Mr. McCarty. In some way he learned of the presence of the party on his ranch, gathered up some men of like spirit with himself, came suddenly upon the Navajos, and, without giving them an opportunity of explaining their circumstances, killed three of them and wounded the fourth . . ."

(Continued in November-December Issue)

Hurricane Valley Chapter Meeting - Dixie Pioneer Cotton Mill

by Dell Stout, V.P.

For our June meeting, seventy-five members and partners of the Hurricane Valley Chapter S.U.P. congregated at the historic Dixie Cotton Mill in Washington, Utah. A delicious buffet style catered dinner of roast beef, dutch oven potatoes, fruits, salads, rolls and dessert was enjoyed.

Chapter member and local historian Bart Anderson gave a brief extemporaneous sketch of the mill and J. L. Crawford, retired Zion Park Naturalist presented slides of the early Park area. These slides were made from photographs taken by his father, Louis Crawford, who lived within the area of the Park boundary long before it became Zion National Park.

The three story mill was built in 1865 under the supervision of President Brigham Young and Erastus Snow. In its heyday it employed 27 workers at a \$4.00 weekly salary. This building stood as a symbol of unity among the Saints and was the

largest building of its era in Utah's Dixie. It was built before the St. George Temple and Tabernacle.

In 1910 the mill machinery was sold and the building was used sporadically for a variety of purposes but gradually deteriorated into a shabby eyesore.

Norma Cannizzaro envisioned the challenging historic beauty in this dilapidated structure. She bought the building and invested her boundless energy, time, talents, vision and a staggering cash outlay into the reconstruction of this historic gem. She has made it a show-place for Utah's Dixie and a charming meeting place for organized groups.

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Constitutional Centennial to be Celebrated at National Headquarters

With the National Constitutional Centennial celebration coming up in September, 1987, it was thought that we, as an important part of National history, should also show our appreciation for this great event in the history of our nation.

On October 10, 1987, at 6:30 p.m. at the National Headquarters building, there will be a dinner with a guest speaker, Dr. Cleon Skousen. He has gained wide renowned as a writer and speaker. The cost will be \$10.00 per person and everyone is invited to attend. We feel that this will be a most interesting evening.

In order to make your reservation, it should be done through your chapter president or the national office. Your money should accompany your request for a reservation. Your reservation and money should be into the national office by October 1st.

PIONEER DEADLINE

OCTOBER 1st

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Salt Lake Pioneer Chapter Hears Elder Theodore M. Burton

by Larry A. Eggett

The Salt Lake Pioneer Chapter of SUP celebrated the 140th anniversary of the arrival of the pioneers into the Salt Lake Valley in style on July 24.

That morning, the Chapter sponsored the annual Days of '47 Sunrise Service in the Tabernacle on Temple Square. Elder Theodore M. Burton of the First Quorum of the Seventy was the speaker, and music was provided by the Eleanor Kennard Chorale.

In the afternoon, Chapter

members and their families met for a picnic lunch at the large bowery at Jordan Park in Salt Lake City. Those attending brought their own main dish, as well as a salad for the potluck salad bar. Drinks and ice cream were furnished by the Chapter. After lunch, we enjoyed a walk through the beautiful International Peace Gardens. Our thanks to Dave Martin, our President-elect, and Ralph Ryan for making the arrangements for this nice get-together.

Our next Chapter meeting will be our Father/Son luncheon in the Lion House on September 9. Other upcoming events include our Past Presidents' luncheon on October 14, and our annual Election Banquet on November 4.

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SUP Participates in Dedication of Plaque Marking First Mormon Settlement at St. Johns, Arizona

One hundred seven years ago, in August of 1880, the first Mormon settlement in St. Johns, Arizona was established. D. K. Udall was first Bishop. He read a letter from President John Taylor to the company gathered under a greasewood bowery. President Taylor charged the settlers to keep proper accounts, organize the Priesthood, collect and account for tithings, teach diligently and . . . "cultivate a kindly feeling with your neighbors and the Indians and seek the Spirit of the Lord . . ."

Salem means peace. Two thousand years ago Abraham paid tithes to the great High Priest at Salem, which later became known as Jerusalem.

In August, 1987, a plaque is erected to commemorate this first settlement.

Arizona Governor Addresses Mesa Chapter

The Mesa Chapter held their June meeting at Sir George's Buffet on Main Street. Governor Evan Mecham of Arizona was the speaker. Seventy-five members turned out to hear the Governor, who gave an interesting address. The Governor, who speaks in an off-the-cuff, informal manner, held the undivided attention of the group.

Waldo Lesueur was program chairman for the meeting.

The ever-active, ever-enthusiastic chapter sponsored a trek to Colonia Juarez and Colonia Dublan on June 25th to June 28th. They traveled into Mexico by private car caravan and had a successful visit.

Mesa Chapter is to be congratulated on their active program.

PIONEER DEADLINE
November-December Issue
OCTOBER 1st

Chapter Eternal

J. Stanley Humphrey

J. Stanley Humphrey, 80, a member of the South Davis Chapter of SUP, died at his Bountiful, Utah home on July 7, 1987. He was avid sports fan, worked extensively with Little League baseball. He was a life member of SUP.

Brother Humphrey worked for the Utah State Road Maintenance Division, was a maintenance technician and caretaker. He is survived by his wife, three daughters, two sons, sixteen grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.

★ ★ ★



*Salem, first Mormon settlement
St. Johns, Arizona*

Gov. Evan Mecham Attends Mesa SUP Meeting in June

The first L.D.S. Governor of Arizona, Evan Mecham, accompanied by his wife, Florence, was the speaker at the June 8th meeting of the Mesa Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers. Mesa Chapter members were greatly pleased and honored with their presence.

Governor Mecham reviewed his own family history through which they are sons and daughters of Utah Pioneers.

He recalled the circumstances of their ancestors in Nauvoo in the year 1846 where they were required to make a choice from three alternatives: First - Stay in Nauvoo and be mobbed and persecuted and probably killed; Second - Stay in Nauvoo and denounce the church; or Third - Cross the frozen river and join the Mormon Trek West.

Eugene Stewart

Eugene Stewart, age 83, a member of the Settlement Canyon Chapter died June 15, 1987 at Tooele where he was born in 1903. He was employed for 22 years by International Smelting and Refining Company, and later by Utah Power and Light Co. He is survived by his wife, Edla, a son and two daughters, all of Tooele. He is also survived by seven grandchildren and 13 great grandchildren.

★ ★ ★

Samuel B. Neff

Samuel B. Neff, age 84, a member of the East Mill Creek Mills Chapter died on June 22, 1987. He was active in SUP, and also in the 17th Ward, Sandy, Utah. He is survived by a son Samuel B. Neff, Jr. who is also an active member of Sons of Utah Pioneers.

★ ★ ★

Arlie S. Campbell

Arlie S. Campbell, 90, a faithful member of the Ogden Chapter SUP died June 10, 1987 of causes incident to age. Arlie was born May 27, 1897 in North Ogden where he resided all his life.

His church activities included a mission to California 1918-1920, Sunday School Teacher, High Councilman and a temple ordinance worker.

He was the first town clerk when North Ogden was incorporated, a member of the North Ogden Kiwanis Club, vice-president of Ogden River Water Users Association where he was office manager. He was employed for a while by Browning Arms Company.

He is survived by his widow, one son, two daughters, 14 grandchildren and 24 great grandchildren.

★ ★ ★

Wendell Lloyd Norton

Wendell Lloyd Norton, age 64, a member of the Andrew Kimball Chapter of SUP, died July 30, 1987. Funeral services were conducted in the Safford, Arizona Stake Center on August 3rd, with Bishop James E. Brown conducting.

He was a farmer and automobile dealer by profession. He was an active member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and was a veteran of World War II.

Brother Norton is survived by his wife, Venna Weech Norton, his father, three sons, four daughters, a brother, two sisters and 25 grandchildren.

★ ★ ★

Governor Mecham was proud to state that they crossed the river and joined the Westward Trek.

Then, after relating a few personal experiences he has had as the Governor of Arizona, he spoke on the U.S. Constitution and what it means to us as citizens of the United States and members of the Church.

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